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FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

Crime and Punishment

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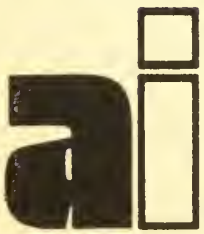
Fyodor Dostoyevsky



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about the author

Born in Moscow, Russia, in 1821, Fyodor Dostoyevsky led a very unsettled life. When his mother died, his father sent Fyodor and his brother Michail to an army engineering school. But Fyodor did not like engineering, and he turned instead to art and literature.

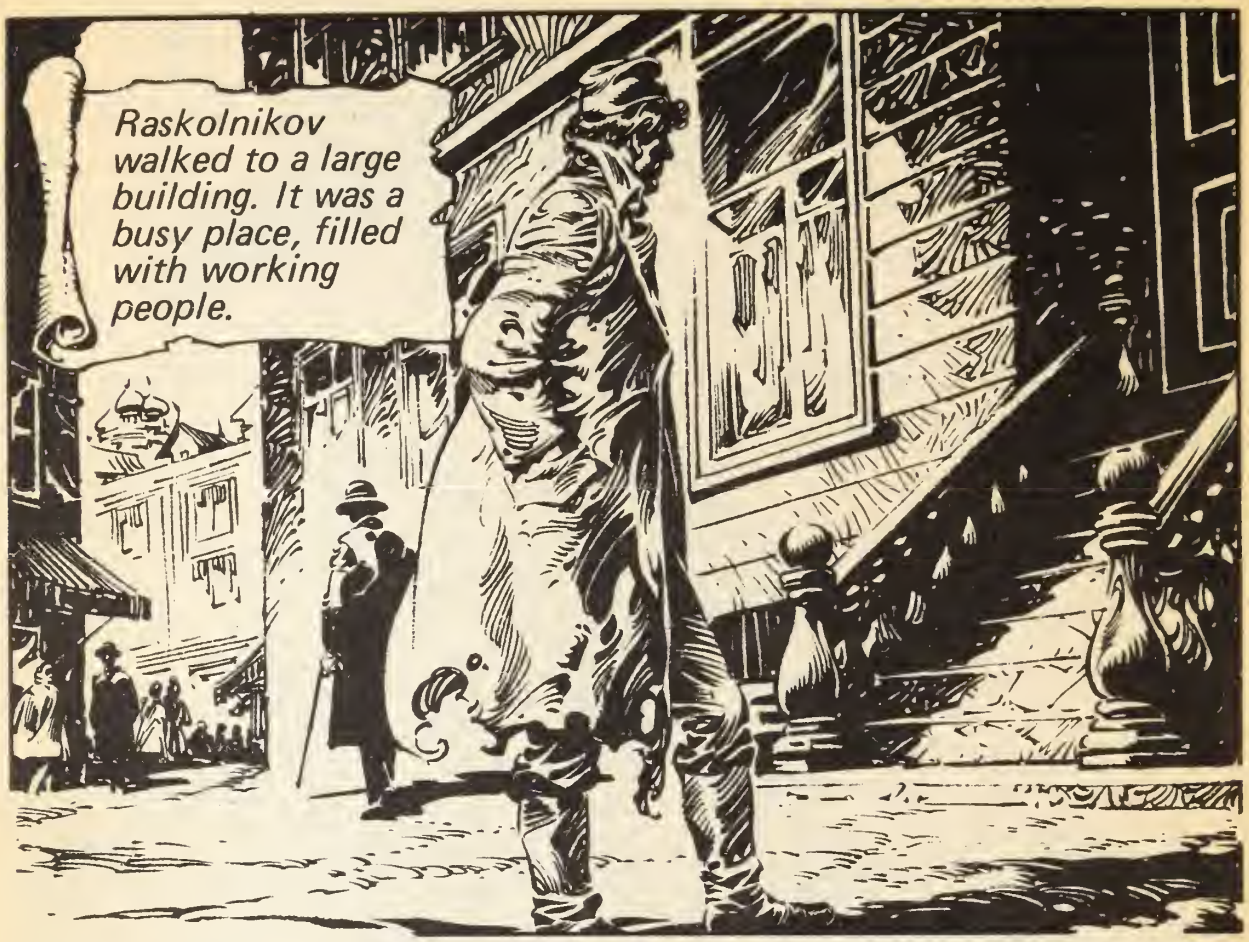
At the age of twenty-five, Dostoyevsky published his first novel, *Poor Folk*. This immediately made him famous, and he became the darling of Russia. But during this time he had also joined a group of revolutionaries who were caught and sent to prison in Siberia. After four years at hard labor and several more years in the army, Dostoyevsky had plenty of material to use for future novels.

Among Dostoyevsky's greatest works are *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. Although these and other novels brought him wealth, he could never manage to enjoy it. He was a gambler, a troublemaker, a man who always acted before he thought, yet he was also a loving father and brother, and a very generous person. His health had never been good, however, so that between his sickness and his difficult life, he seemed to grow old very quickly. Dostoyevsky died in 1881 at the age of sixty. He is known as one of Russia's greatest writers.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Raskolnikov was a handsome young man who lived in Russia. He was also very poor.
Could I really do such a thing? No, it's crazy! Still, it could be a great plan to prove that I am smarter than most men.



Raskolnikov did not like meeting people. The dark stairs where no one could see him made him feel safer. Still, he was shaking as he went up to the next floor.

On the fourth floor, some men were moving furniture from an apartment.

Raskolnikov went to the fifth floor and rang the doorbell. The old woman opened the door just a little bit.

Who is it?

It's Raskolnikov, the student. I gave you a silver ring last month, and you lent me some money.

The old woman looked at him for a while, and then she opened the door.

Your time ran out yesterday, but come in if you have *more* business for me.

The inside of the house was very clean.

I guess the old woman's step-sister, Lizaveta, was here.

I've brought you a silver watch. Please hold my ring. I'll be getting some money soon.
I will do whatever I want with that ring. Your time was up yesterday. Let me see this watch.
What? It was my father's watch. It's worth at least four rubles!
I'll give you a ruble and a half.
One ruble and fifty kopeks. Take it or leave it!
I'll take the money. I need it.

So, she keeps her keys in her pocket! That brass one must unlock a trunk.

But this is only one ruble and fifteen kopeks!
That's right. You owe me twenty kopeks interest on your ring, and fifteen kopeks for the watch.

Very well, I will be back soon. When will your sister be here?
What business is that of yours?

I was just wondering. Good day, Alyona Ivanovna.

Raskolnikov ran down the street.
How could I have had such a terrible idea?
Raskolnikov stopped walking near a tavern. He had never gone into one before, but he was very thirsty. Without thinking, he ran down the steps.
He asked for some beer and sat down. He drank it quickly and felt much better.
May I talk with you? I would have never guessed that you were a man who likes to drink.

I was a student, but now I am too poor to pay for school.
School. Well, it is not bad to be poor, and it is not good to be drunk! My name is Marmeladov.
There are times when I don't know what will happen to me.
I wanted work, but I couldn't find a job. I've seen my family go without food! I've watched my daughter work in the streets to make money.
My beautiful daughter, Sonya! She must work hard so that the family can eat.
And I must drink, because I cannot help her. Every man must have somewhere to turn!

Then Marmeladov stood up.
Let's go. It's time for me to go home.
Raskolnikov wanted to leave too. They walked toward Marmeladov's house.
It's not far. There's the house.
Raskolnikov helped him up the stairs to a room.
So you're drunk again! The children are hungry!

And you, were you drinking with him? Go away!
Then the woman began hitting Marmeladov, and the children started to cry.
I must leave a few coins so that the children can eat tomorrow.
It was a nice thing to do, but now Raskolnikov was almost without money again.
What a stupid thing I've done. At least they have Sonya. Now I may not have any food.

Raskolnikov went back to his room. The next morning, his landlady's maid, Nastasya, woke him up.
I've brought you a cup of tea and some bad news. The landlady wants to tell the police about you!
The police? What did I do?
You don't pay your rent, and you won't leave.
I'll go and talk to her today.
Oh, and this letter from your mother came yesterday.
Give it to me and leave me alone.

When Nastasya had gone, Raskolnikov opened the letter.

My Dearest Son,

It worries me to hear that you have left school because you have no money, but good luck will come to us soon. Your sister, Dunya, who loves you very much, is going to marry Mr. Luzhin, an older man, but a nice one. He is a lawyer. Dunya does not love him, but she has a good heart. She says she will be happy just to take good care of him. She is sure that he will pay for your school and later give you a job! Isn't that wonderful! And, best of all, we will see you in Saint Petersburg soon! That is where Mr. Luzhin lives. We love you very much!

Love,
Mother
Pulkheria Raskolnikov

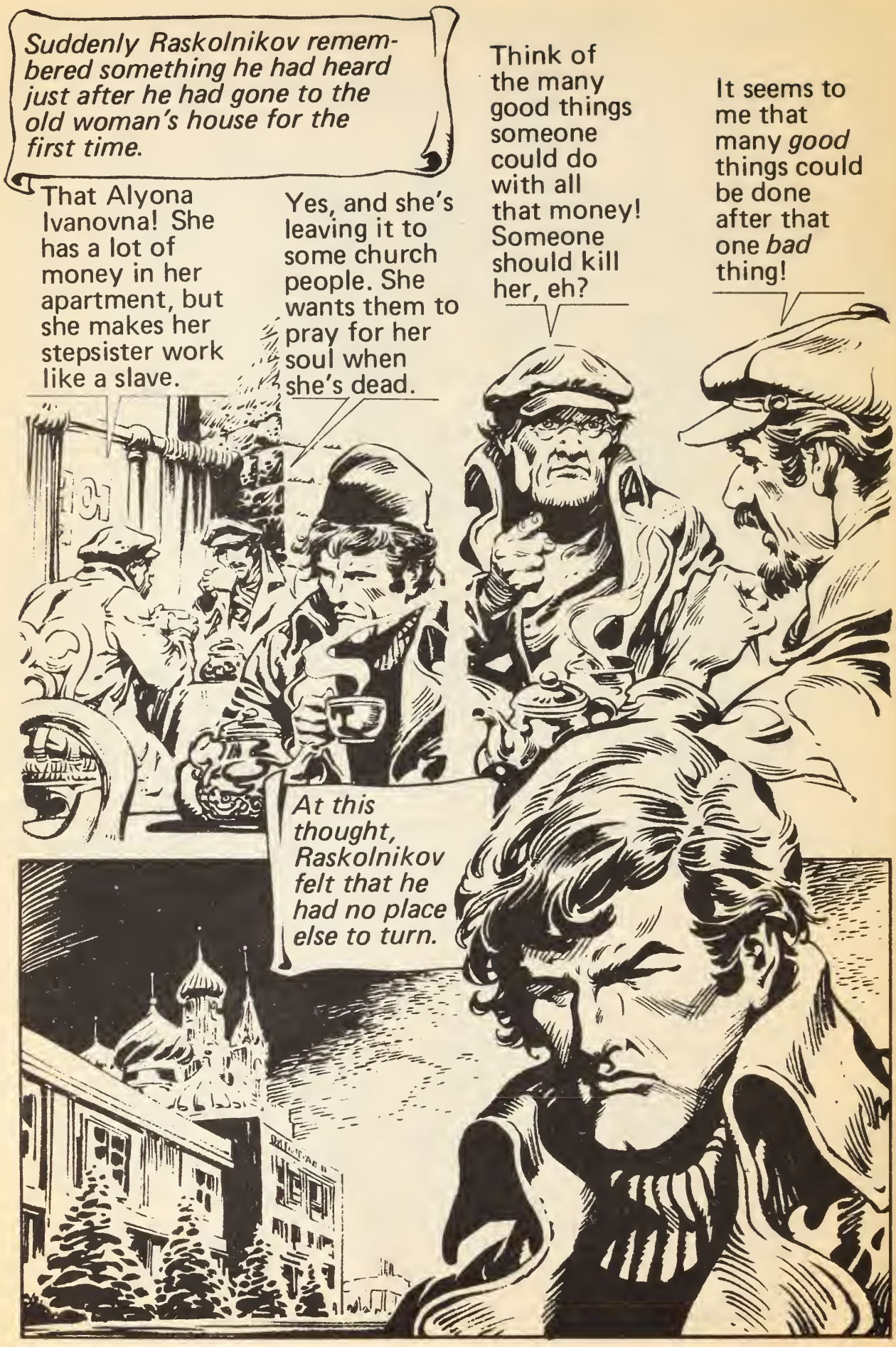
A "nice man" she says . . . "doesn't love him" she says. . . . I will never let such a marriage take place!

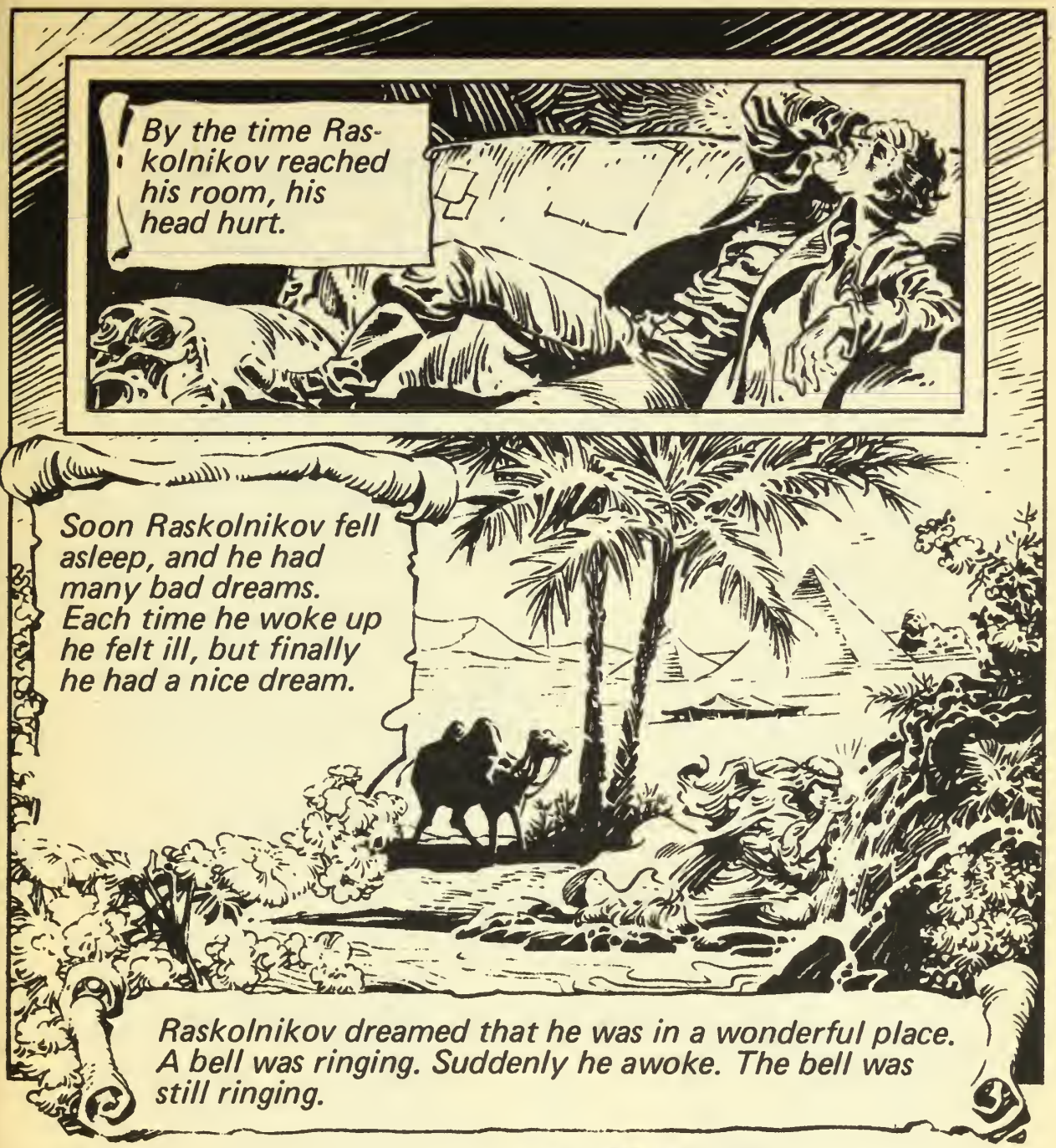
After reading the letter, Raskolnikov ran downstairs and into the street.

Why, she will be no different from that poor man Marmeladov's daughter, Sonya. She's hurting herself to save me!

But then he stopped running and stood very still.
But what can I do to stop it? I cannot do anything to help my family.
And the words of Marmeladov came back to Raskolnikov.
Every man must have somewhere to turn!
Raskolnikov did have one friend, a student.
Of course! There's Razumikhin!
Razumikhin was a great fellow! He always had an idea. But then Raskolnikov hesitated. Razumikhin was as poor as he was.
Now there is only that terrible idea left. I will go to Razumikhin when it is over.

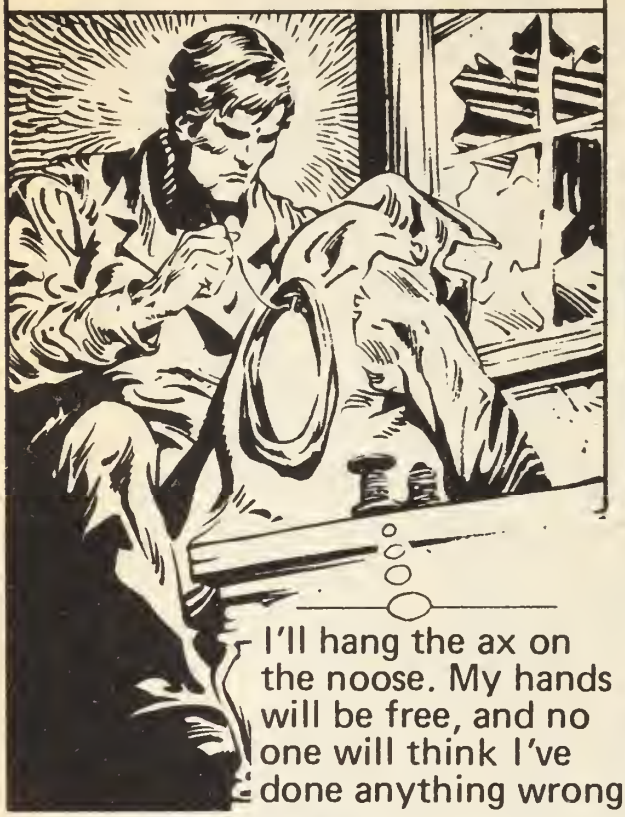
All day, Raskolnikov walked the streets. He was bothered by his thoughts.
There must be a way. I don't want to go through with this terrible plan.
Raskolnikov kept walking, and suddenly. . . .
Why, it's Lizaveta, the old woman's stepsister!
Very well, then. I'll come to your apartment tomorrow evening at seven o'clock.
Then the old woman will be alone tomorrow. I must go through with my plan!


Suddenly Raskolnikov remembered something he had heard just after he had gone to the old woman's house for the first time.
That Alyona Ivanovna! She has a lot of money in her apartment, but she makes her stepsister work like a slave.
Yes, and she's leaving it to some church people. She wants them to pray for her soul when she's dead.
Think of the many good things someone could do with all that money! Someone should kill her, eh?
It seems to me that many *good* things could be done after that one *bad* thing!
At this thought, Raskolnikov felt that he had no place else to turn.


By the time Raskolnikov reached his room, his head hurt.
Soon Raskolnikov fell asleep, and he had many bad dreams. Each time he woke up he felt ill, but finally he had a nice dream.
Raskolnikov dreamed that he was in a wonderful place. A bell was ringing. Suddenly he awoke. The bell was still ringing.

Now he would have to hurry. There were still many things to do.

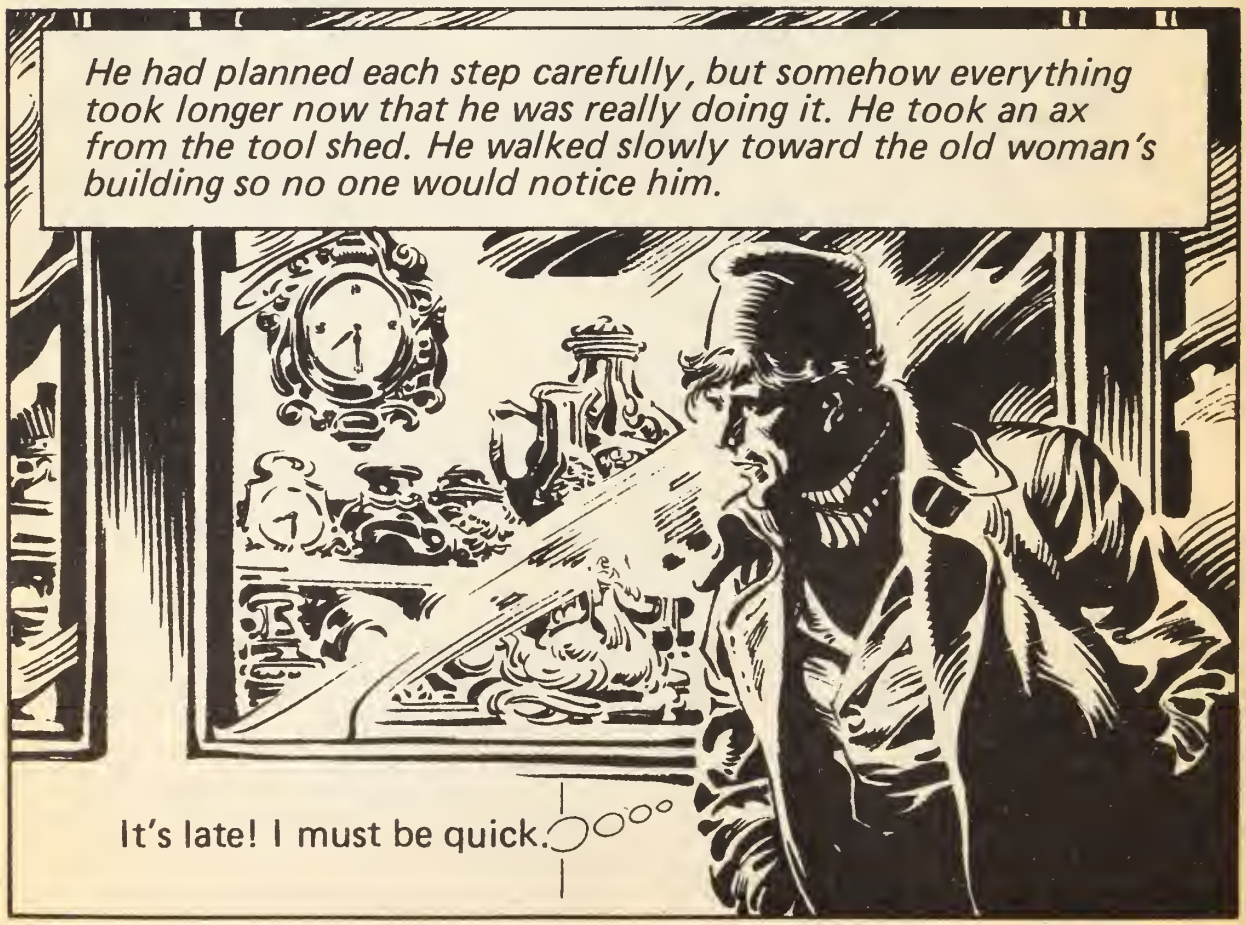
He sewed a noose inside his coat.



Then he took a piece of wood and a piece of metal and wrapped them in some paper.

I'll tell the old woman that I've brought a silver cigarette case. It must be tied tightly so that she will have trouble opening it.

He had planned each step carefully, but somehow everything took longer now that he was really doing it. He took an ax from the tool shed. He walked slowly toward the old woman's building so no one would notice him.



No one saw him as he went into the old woman's building. But he saw some men on the second floor.
It would be better if they were not here, but I'm sure they won't hear anything.
Finally Raskolnikov came to the old woman's door. He rang the bell.
It seemed like forever before the old woman opened the door.
Who's there? What do you want?
It's Raskolnikov. I've brought you a silver cigarette case.

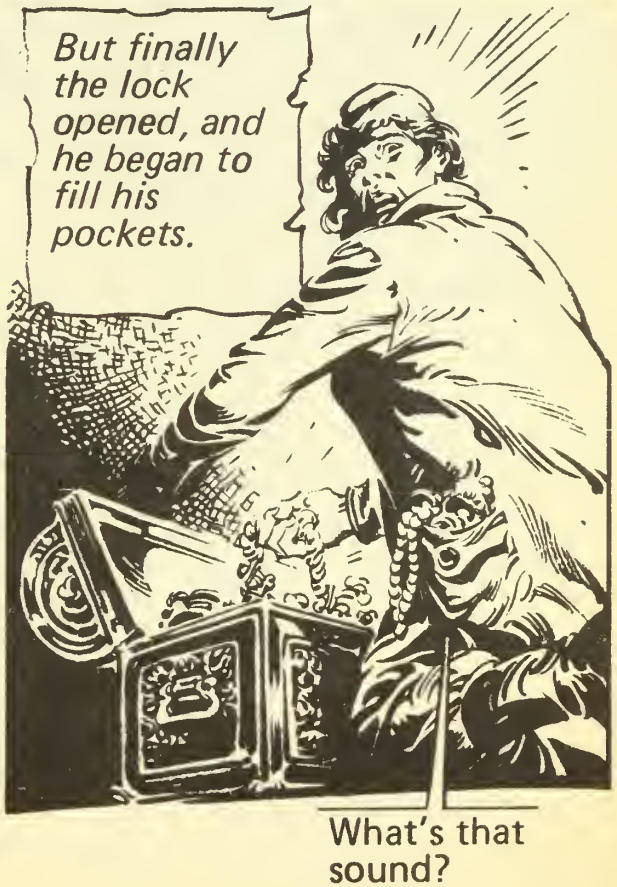
You look so pale, and your hands are shaking.
I have a fever, and I've had nothing to eat. Quick! Take this and open it.
The old woman carried the package to the window so that she could see it better. Raskolnikov was behind her. He had a terrible look on his face as he swung the ax toward the old woman's head.
Why have you tied it so carefully? Are you sure it's silver?
She cried out softly when Raskolnikov hit her. Then she fell to the floor.
I've done it!

Quickly Raskolnikov bent down and took the keys from the old woman's pocket. Then he noticed a string around her neck.

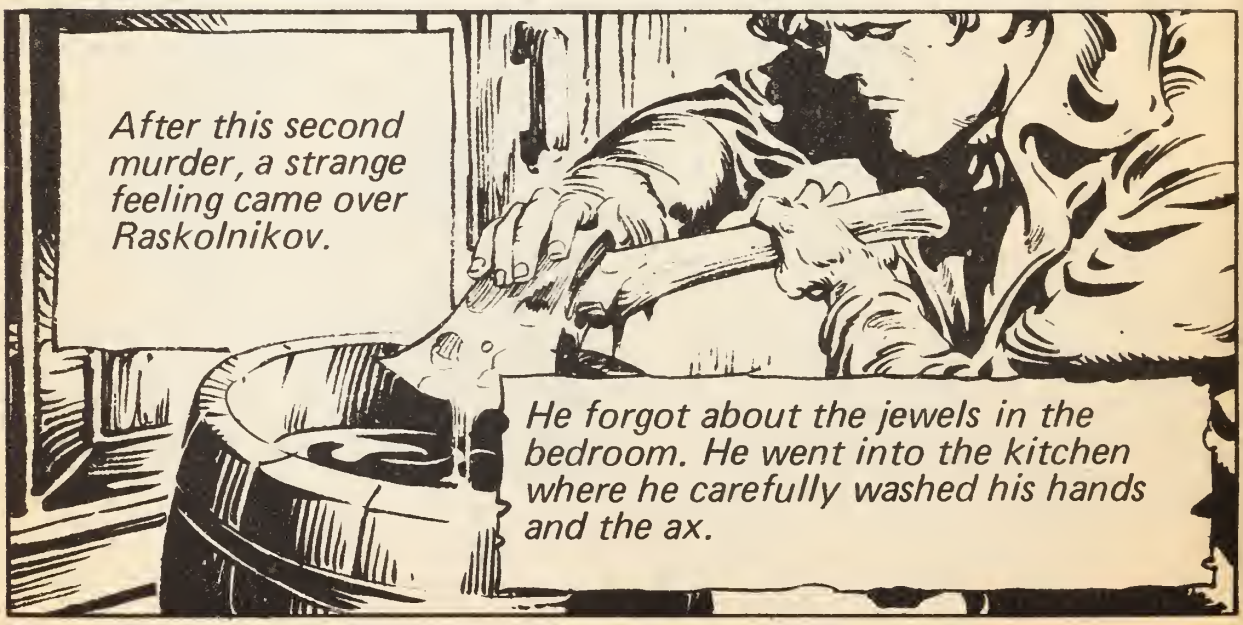
The purse on the string was very full. He put it in his pocket without looking inside.

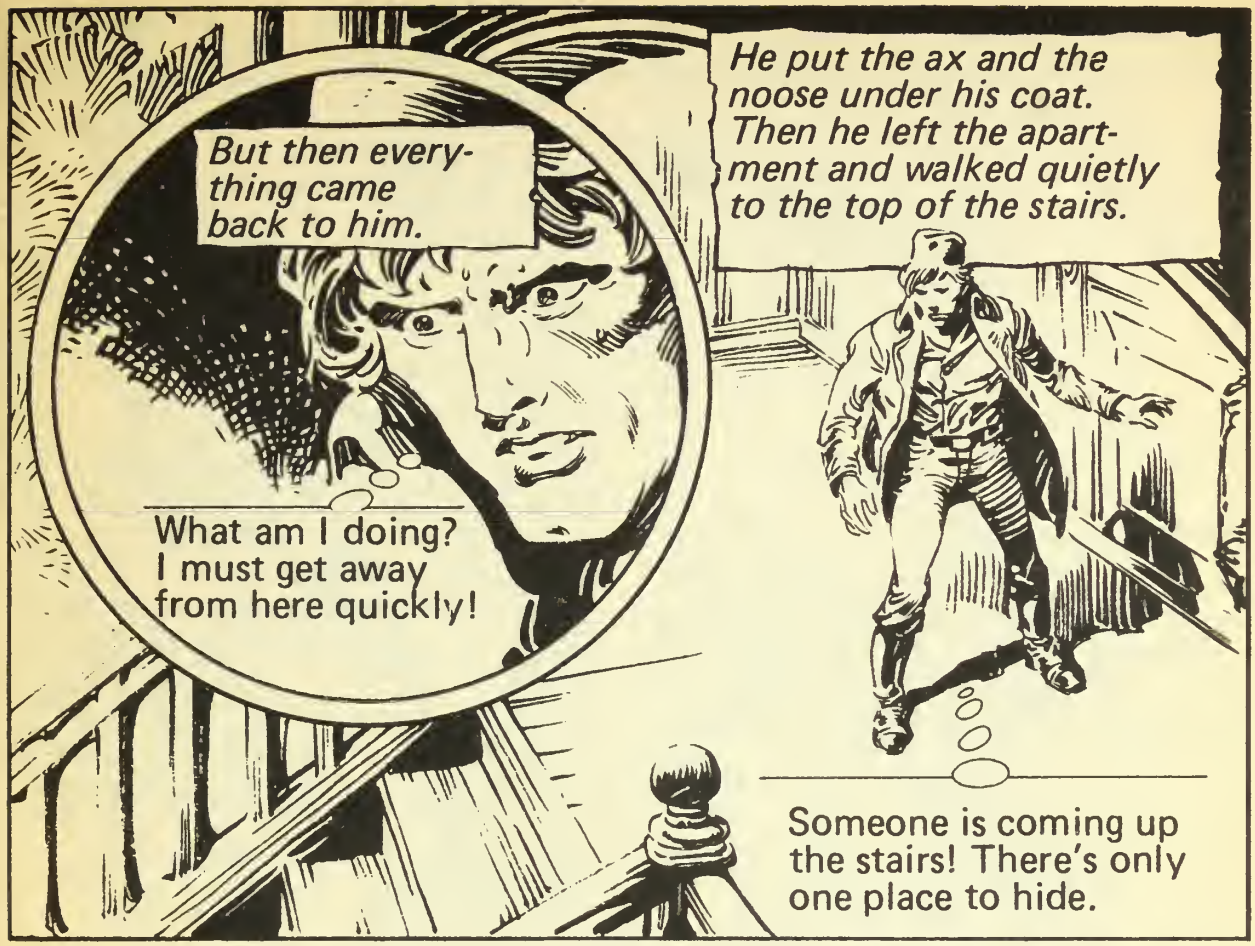
Then he ran into the bedroom. His hands were shaking. He could not open the lock on the trunk.

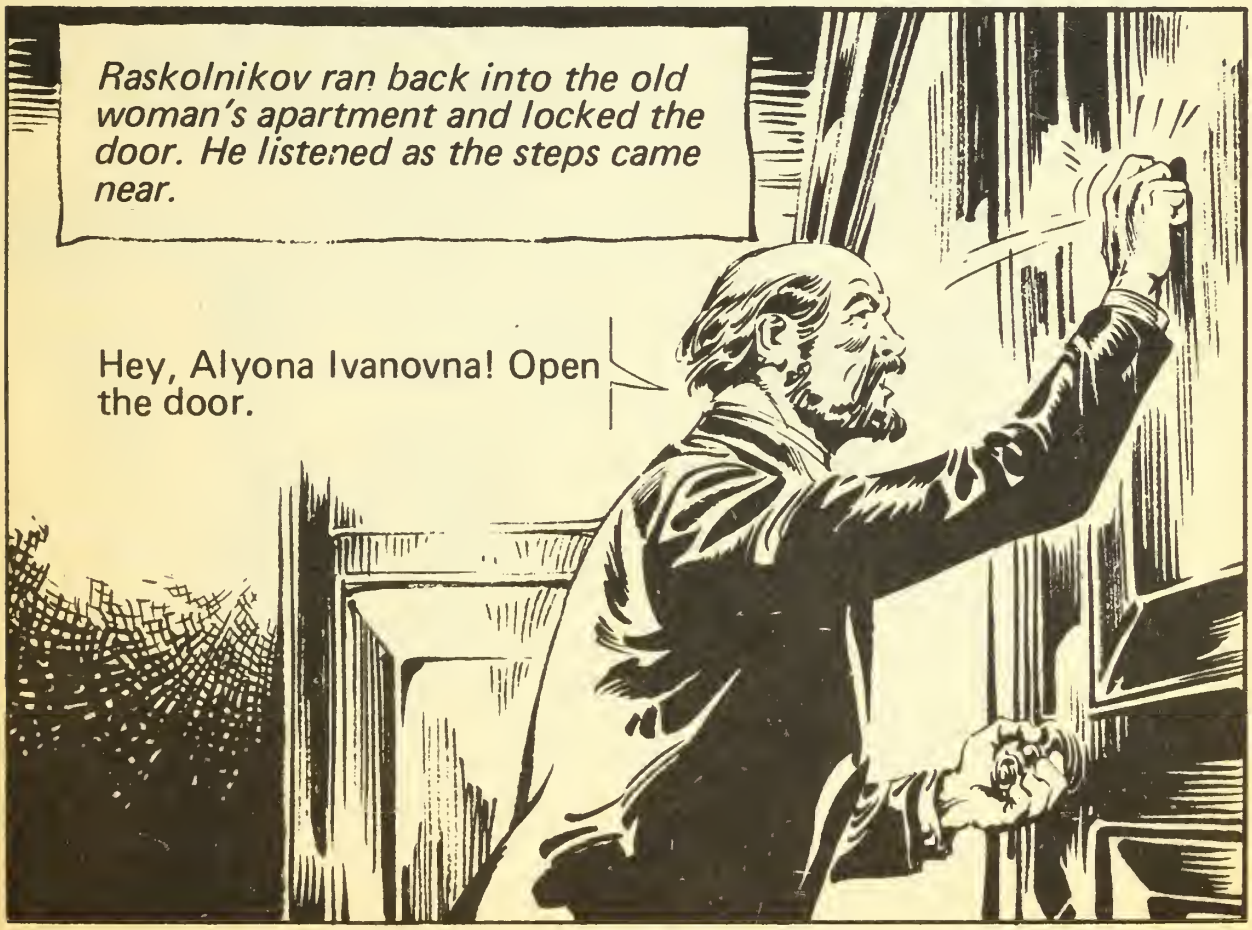
But finally the lock opened, and he began to fill his pockets.



It was Lizaveta, the old woman's stepsister.
Lizaveta turned, but before she could scream, Raskolnikov ran toward her with the ax.

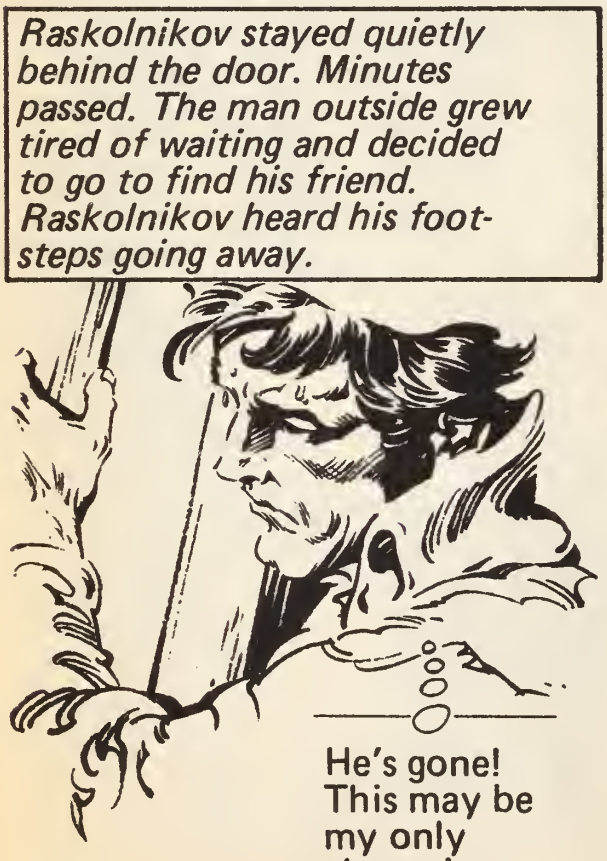

After this second murder, a strange feeling came over Raskolnikov.
He forgot about the jewels in the bedroom. He went into the kitchen where he carefully washed his hands and the ax.


But then everything came back to him.
What am I doing? I must get away from here quickly!
He put the ax and the noose under his coat. Then he left the apartment and walked quietly to the top of the stairs.
Someone is coming up the stairs! There's only one place to hide.


Raskolnikov ran back into the old woman's apartment and locked the door. He listened as the steps came near.
Hey, Alyona Ivanovna! Open the door.

Then Raskolnikov heard another voice.
What's up?
I don't know. She won't open the door, but she must be here. She never goes out!

Sounds strange to me. Maybe something's wrong. Wait here, I'll go and get help.


Raskolnikov stayed quietly behind the door. Minutes passed. The man outside grew tired of waiting and decided to go to find his friend. Raskolnikov heard his footsteps going away.
He's gone! This may be my only chance!

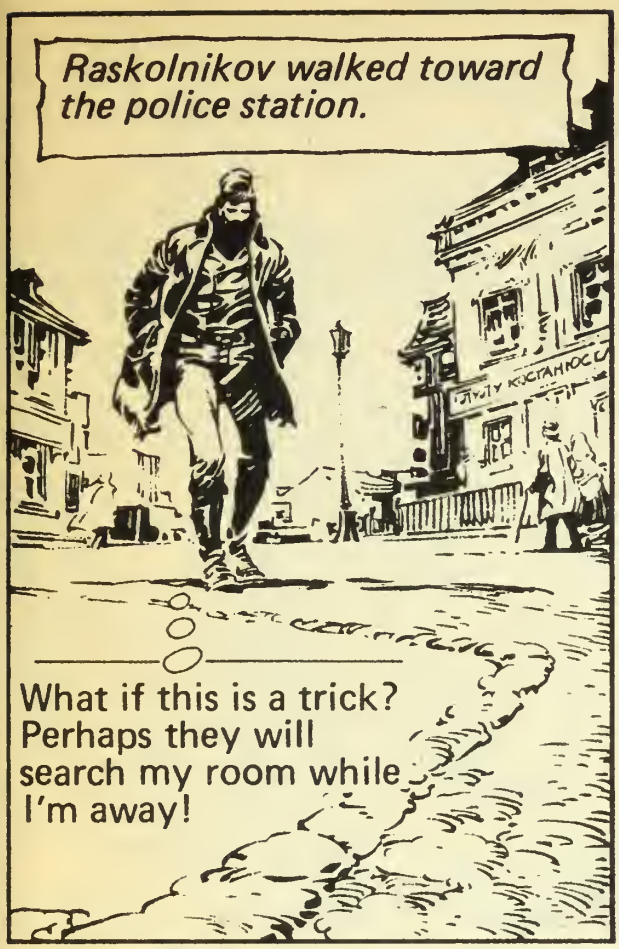
As quietly as possible he hurried downstairs. Suddenly he heard shouts and footsteps coming up the stairs.
I must hide! Ah, the painters have gone!

Raskolnikov hid in the freshly-painted apartment until the footsteps went past. Then he went downstairs and out into the street. No one had seen him!

But Raskolnikov went back to his room. No one saw him as he put the ax back in its place.

Then Raskolnikov started to undress. Suddenly he fainted. Hours later, Nastasya found him.

Nastasya left. Raskolnikov rubbed his bloody sock in the dirt on his floor. It looked awful, but he put it back on his foot.


Raskolnikov walked toward the police station.
What if this is a trick? Perhaps they will search my room while I'm away!

When Raskolnikov reached the station, the smell of fresh paint made him sick.
This is terrible! Perhaps I should confess everything!

But when Raskolnikov reached the inspector's office. . . .
Take a seat, please. The inspector will see you soon.
It's only routine!

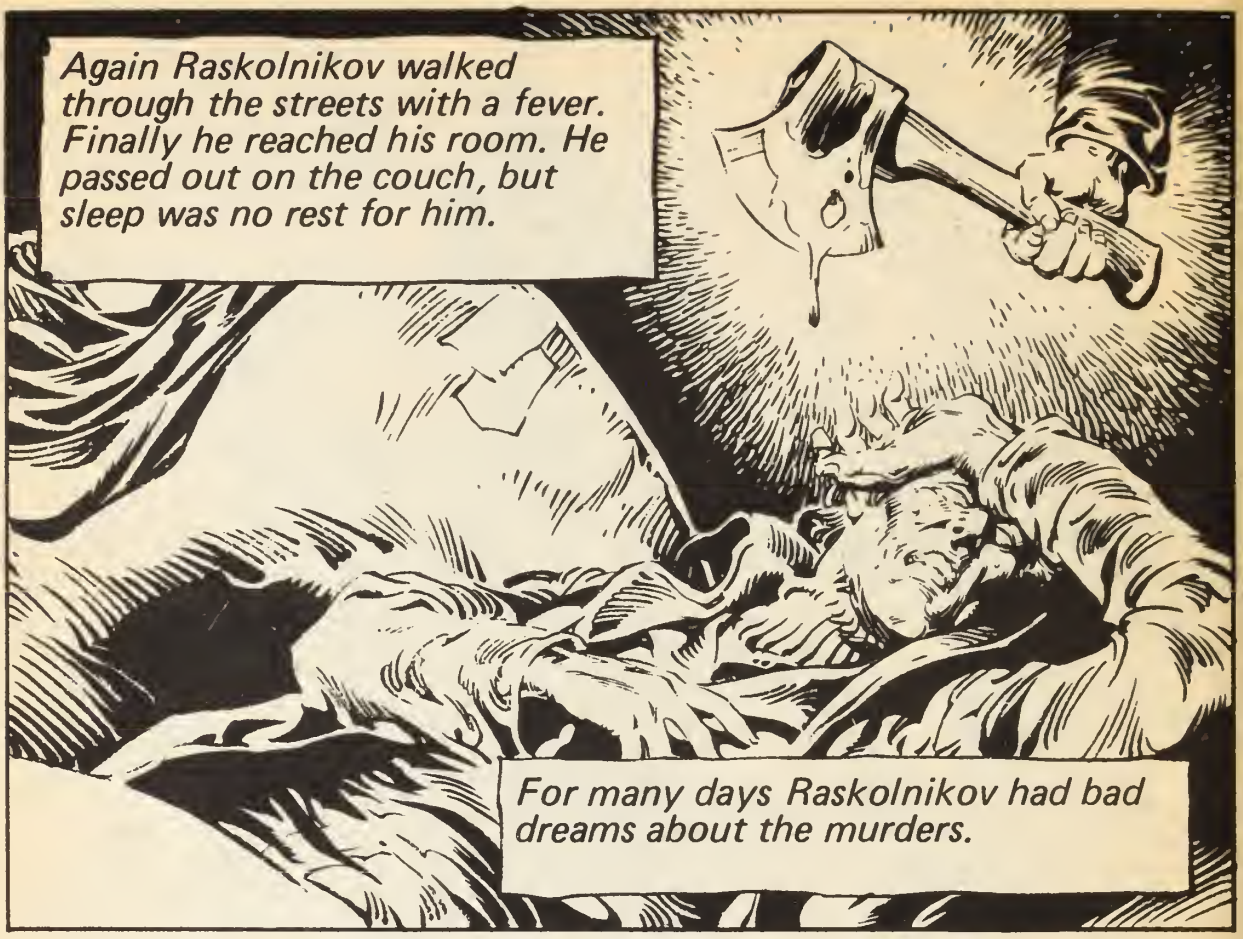
Finally the inspector called Raskolnikov.
You owe your landlady 150 rubles.
But I'm a poor student! I promised that I'd pay her soon!
Very well. You may go if you sign this I.O.U.
I've fooled them!
But when another officer came into the room, Raskolnikov fainted.
Inspector! We've found a clue in the old woman's case!
Give me a hand! He's fainted.

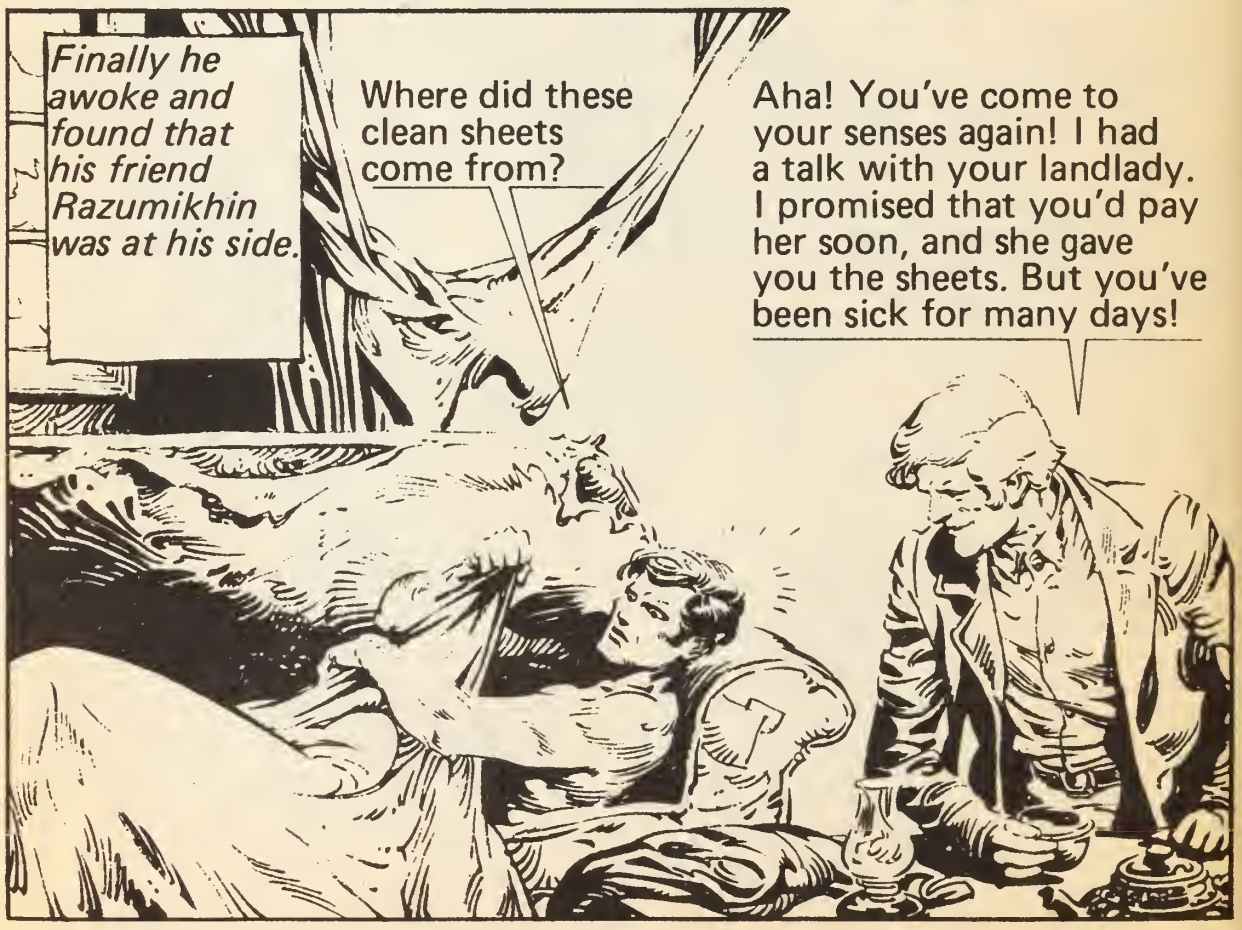
What's wrong?
Nothing! I've had a fever for two days. May I go now?
You have signed this I.O.U., so you are free to go.
Raskolnikov walked quickly to the street.
I must hurry! In another half hour they may be after me. I must hide the old woman's things.

Raskolnikov returned to his room and picked up the old woman's things. Then he walked through the city.
Why does everyone seem to be looking at me?

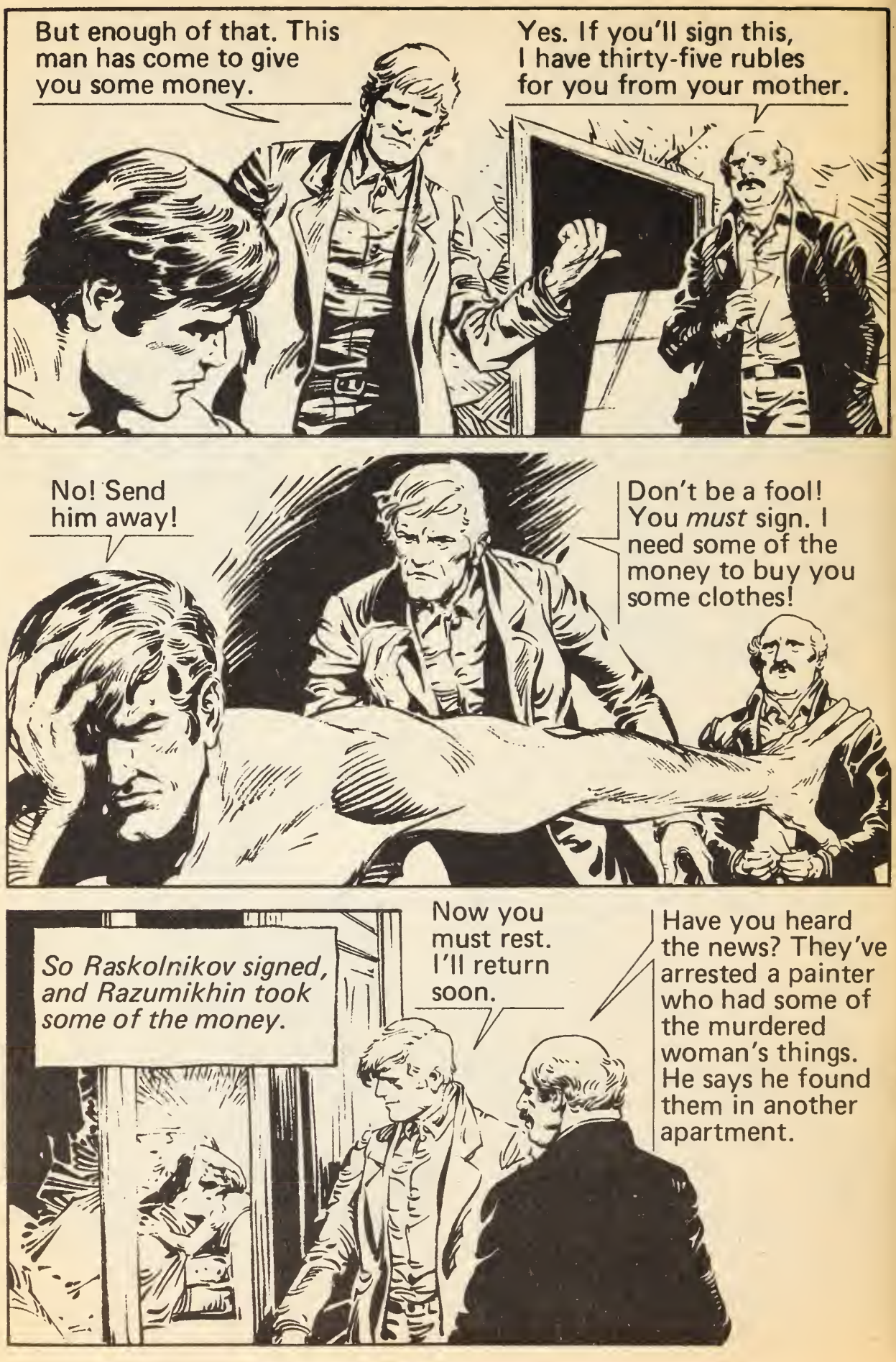
Finally Raskolnikov found an empty yard. There was a large stone there.
No one will look here! Even if someone did, nothing can prove / put these things here!
There! It's over. Why, I never even counted the money!

Raskolnikov walked through the city. Then he remembered his promise to himself. He would visit his friend Razumikhin.
Of course! It will be like a fresh start. I must leave all of this behind me!
May I come in for a minute?
Raskolnikov! Where have you been? How good it is to see you! I have some work for you!
But his friend's kindness only made Raskolnikov feel worse.
Come in! Let me give you something to eat! You look terrible.
No! I must go now. I only stopped to say hello.
And Raskolnikov ran back to the street.


Again Raskolnikov walked through the streets with a fever. Finally he reached his room. He passed out on the couch, but sleep was no rest for him.
For many days Raskolnikov had bad dreams about the murders.


Finally he awoke and found that his friend Razumikhin was at his side.
Where did these clean sheets come from?
Aha! You've come to your senses again! I had a talk with your landlady. I promised that you'd pay her soon, and she gave you the sheets. But you've been sick for many days!

Why, Zametov has been here twice and you didn't even know it!
Zametov? Head Clerk at the police station? Why was he here?
He's my friend.
Did I say anything?
Are you hiding something? Don't worry, you didn't say anything. All you cared about was your dirty sock!
"Give me my sock!" you cried. So Zametov searched the room and gave it to you!


But enough of that. This man has come to give you some money.
Yes. If you'll sign this, I have thirty-five rubles for you from your mother.
No! Send him away!
Don't be a fool! You *must* sign. I need some of the money to buy you some clothes!
So Raskolnikov signed, and Razumikhin took some of the money.
Now you must rest. I'll return soon.
Have you heard the news? They've arrested a painter who had some of the murdered woman's things. He says he found them in another apartment.

The next morning, Raskolnikov felt much better. He put on his new clothes and went outside. In his pocket was most of the money his mother had sent him.

Good morning.

I'd like some breakfast. And would you please bring the newspapers from the last five days?

Raskolnikov read every story about the murder. Suddenly Zametov appeared.

Raskolnikov! How good to see you looking so well!

Yes! I've come out to read about the murder!

Ah, what a terrible thing. But it was a bad plan, and I'm sure we'll catch the man soon.

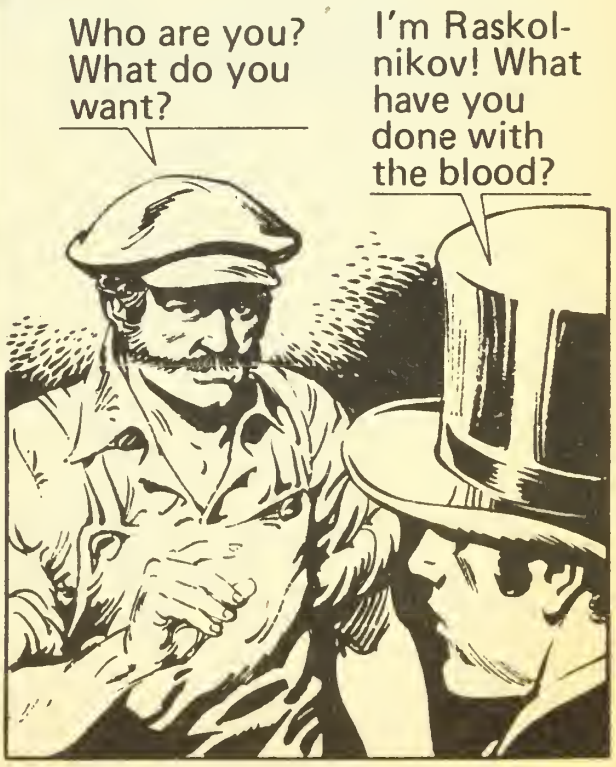
Bad plan? What do you mean?

Relax, Raskolnikov! This is nothing for you to be worried about.

But Raskolnikov wanted to talk about it.
No! It sounds like a good plan to me!
Well, if you really want to know, I say we'll catch the fellow when he's spending the money.
Well, if it were I, I'd hide everything under a rock until things settled down. Isn't that a good plan?
Perhaps it was / who did it!
You should go back to bed! That fever is making you crazy!

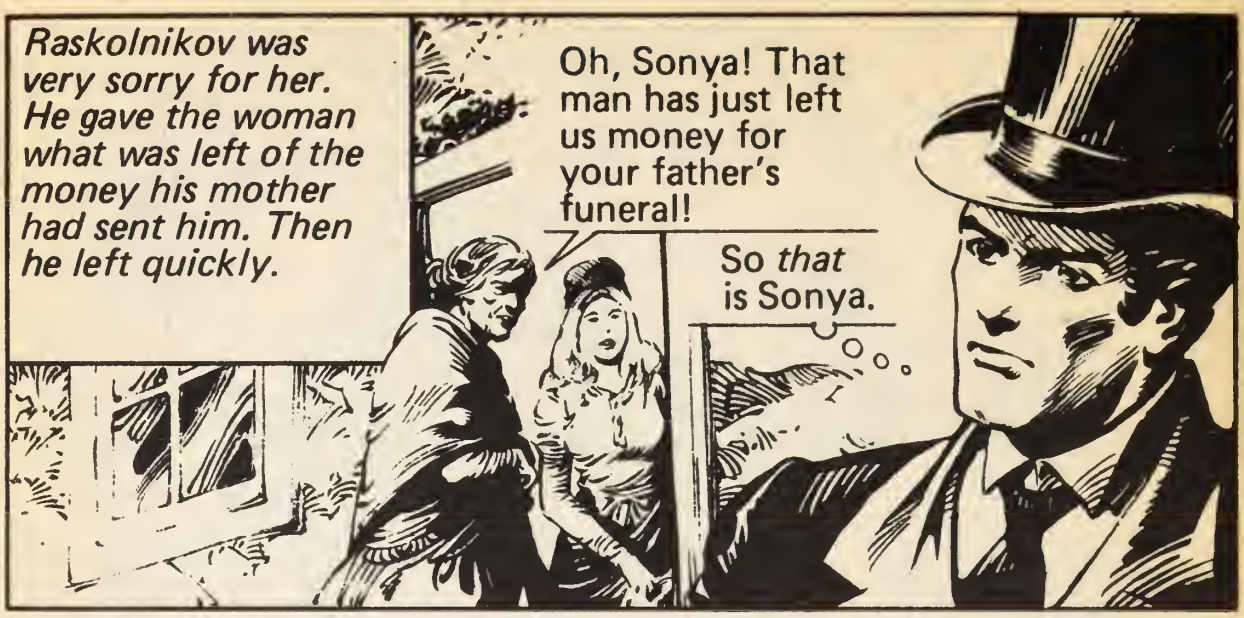
And so Raskolnikov went to the old woman's apartment. The door was open, and painters were working inside.

The bell scared the painters.



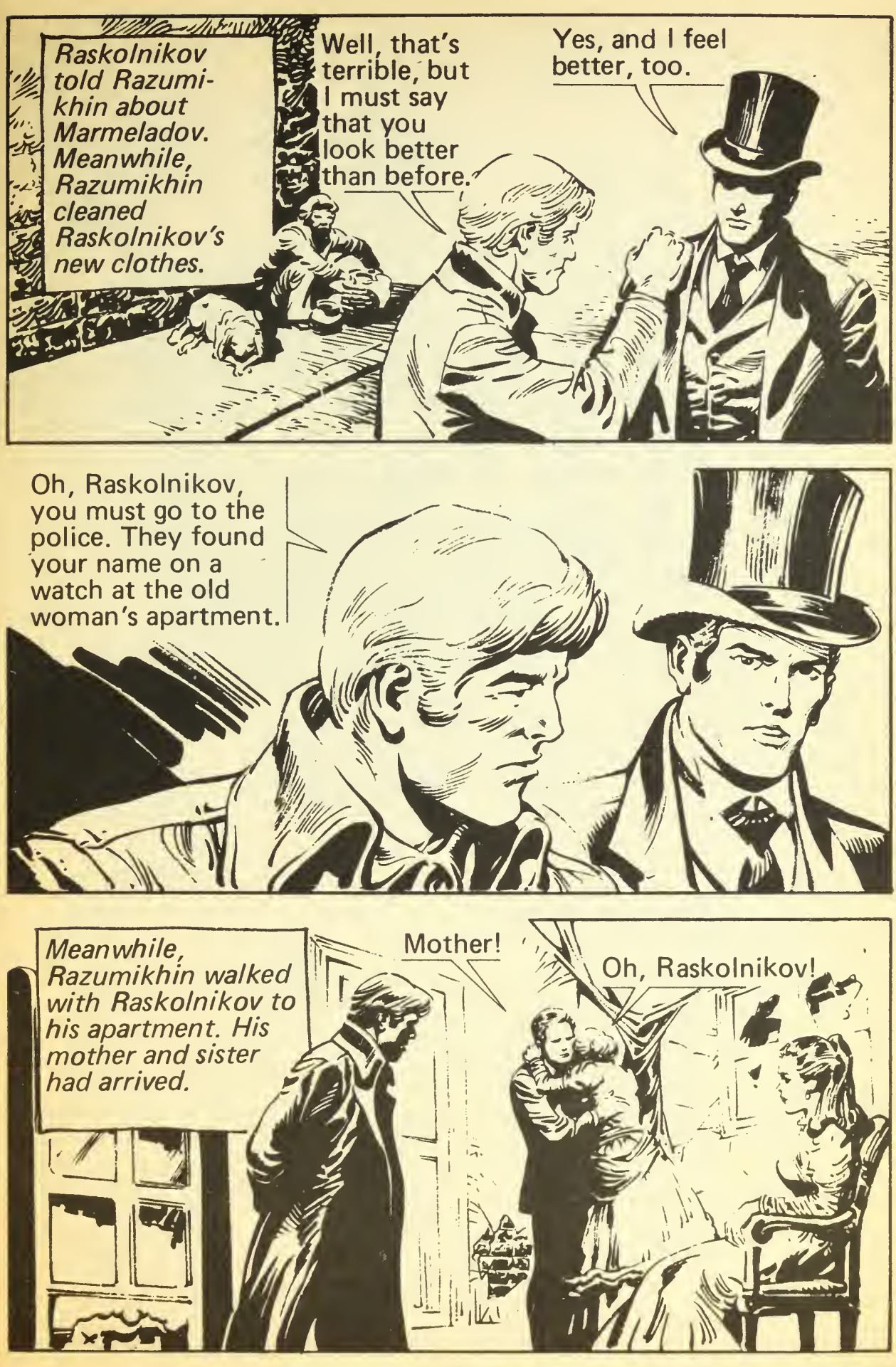
Is he crazy or should we call the police?
Crazy, you say! Come with me to the police and I'll tell you everything.
He's just crazy!
Get out of here! We can't be bothered with nuts like you!

Raskolnikov ran from the building. He decided to go to the police to confess. But then he saw an accident.
Why, it's Marmeladov!
Marmeladov, drunk again, had fallen in front of a coach.
He was drunk! I tried to stop!
He's dead!
Raskolnikov carried Marmeladov home.
Oh, no! Is there no end to my problems?


Raskolnikov was very sorry for her. He gave the woman what was left of the money his mother had sent him. Then he left quickly.
Oh, Sonya! That man has just left us money for your father's funeral!
So *that* is Sonya.

Raskolnikov walked back into the street.
It seems funny, but now that I have seen death, I suddenly feel filled with life. I want to be free!

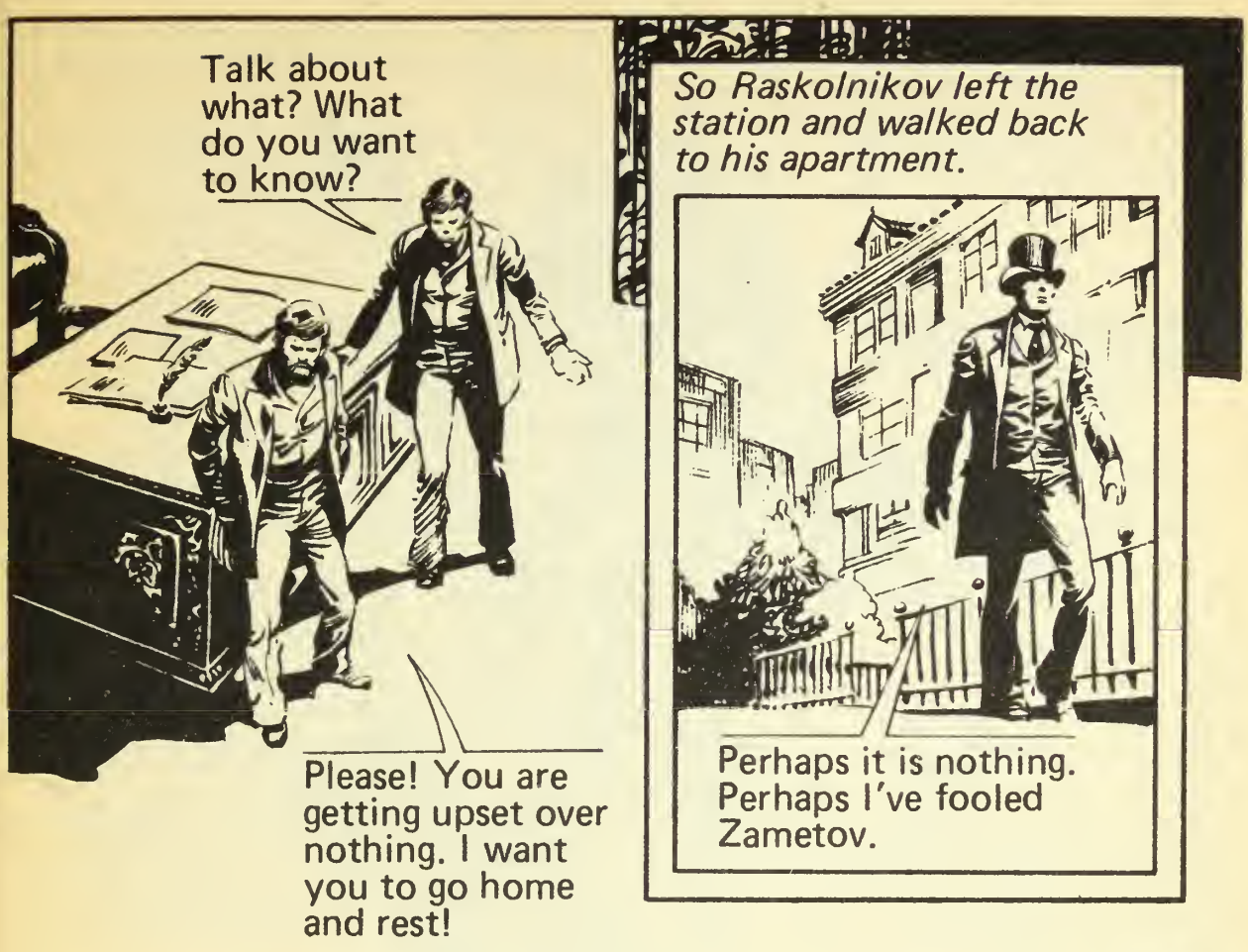
As Raskolnikov walked toward his apartment, he met Razumikhin.
Hello, Razumikhin!
Raskolnikov! What has happened? Your new clothes are covered with blood!


Raskolnikov told Razumikhin about Marmeladov. Meanwhile, Razumikhin cleaned Raskolnikov's new clothes.
Well, that's terrible, but I must say that you look better than before.
Yes, and I feel better, too.
Oh, Raskolnikov, you must go to the police. They found your name on a watch at the old woman's apartment.
Meanwhile, Razumikhin walked with Raskolnikov to his apartment. His mother and sister had arrived.
Mother!
Oh, Raskolnikov!

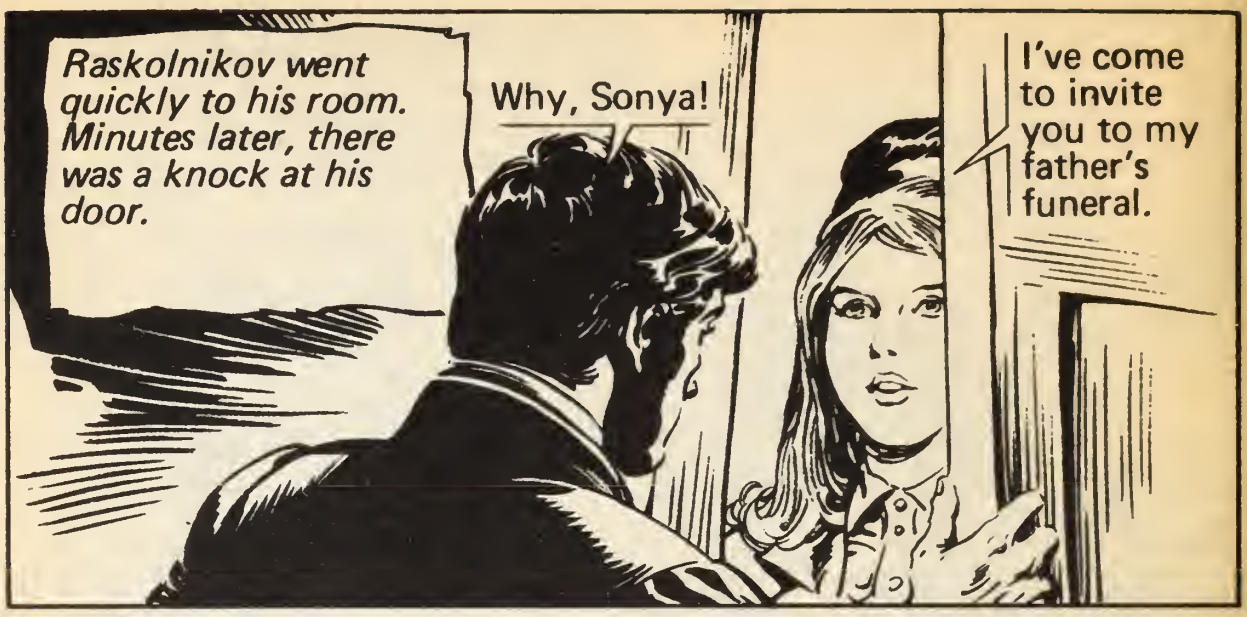
This is my friend, Razumikhin.
It is wonderful to meet you.
Suddenly, Raskolnikov's mood changed.
But this marriage, Dunya! You must not go through with it!
Dear Raskolnikov, please do not judge Mr. Luzhin until you have met him.
Meet him? Why should I meet him? He is a heartless old man, and you do not love him!
Enough of this, Raskolnikov! You must rest.
Please do not throw your life away, Dunya!

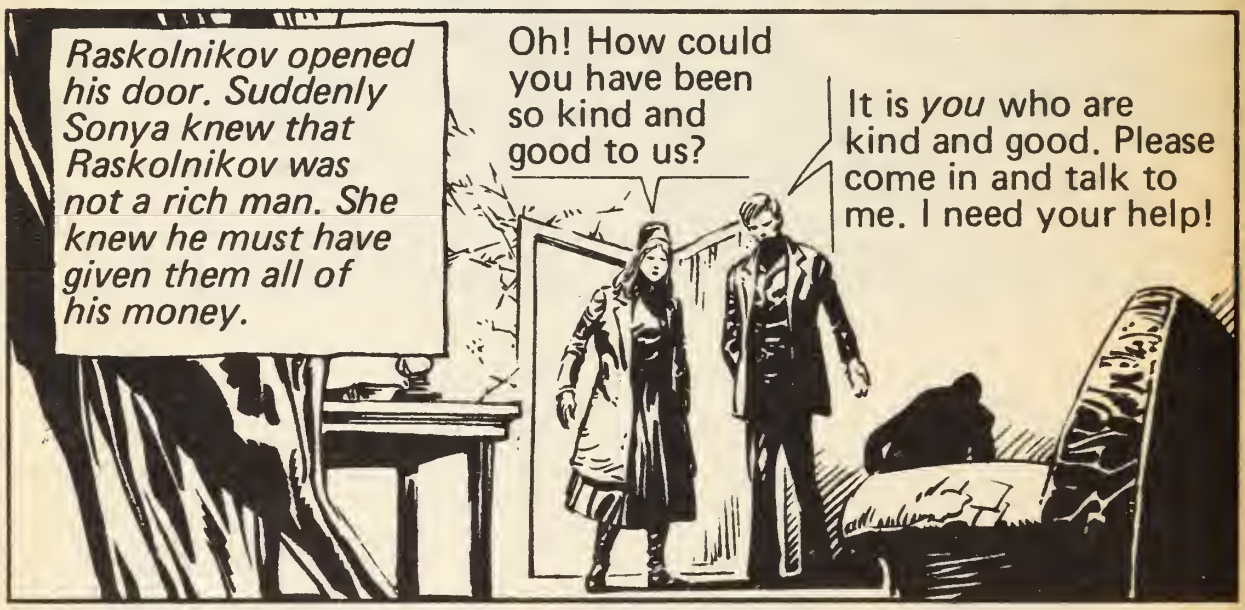
Razumikhin put Raskolnikov to bed.
He will sleep now. May I walk you to your hotel?
Yes, please. My son seems so strange.
If there is anything I can do, please ask.
Thank you. It is easy to see that you have a kind heart.
Could you meet us tomorrow morning at Raskolnikov's apartment? Mr. Luzhin is coming to meet him.
Of course! Perhaps I can be of some help.

In the meantime, Raskolnikov had decided to go to the police.
Ah, Raskolnikov, why aren't you at home resting?
I thought that you wanted to ask me some questions. I left some things with the old woman who was murdered.
I do have some questions, but there will be plenty of time for them later.
Later? Is he playing with me? Does he know the truth?
I would have come sooner, but I hardly leave the house any more.
Yes. We'll talk about all of this later.

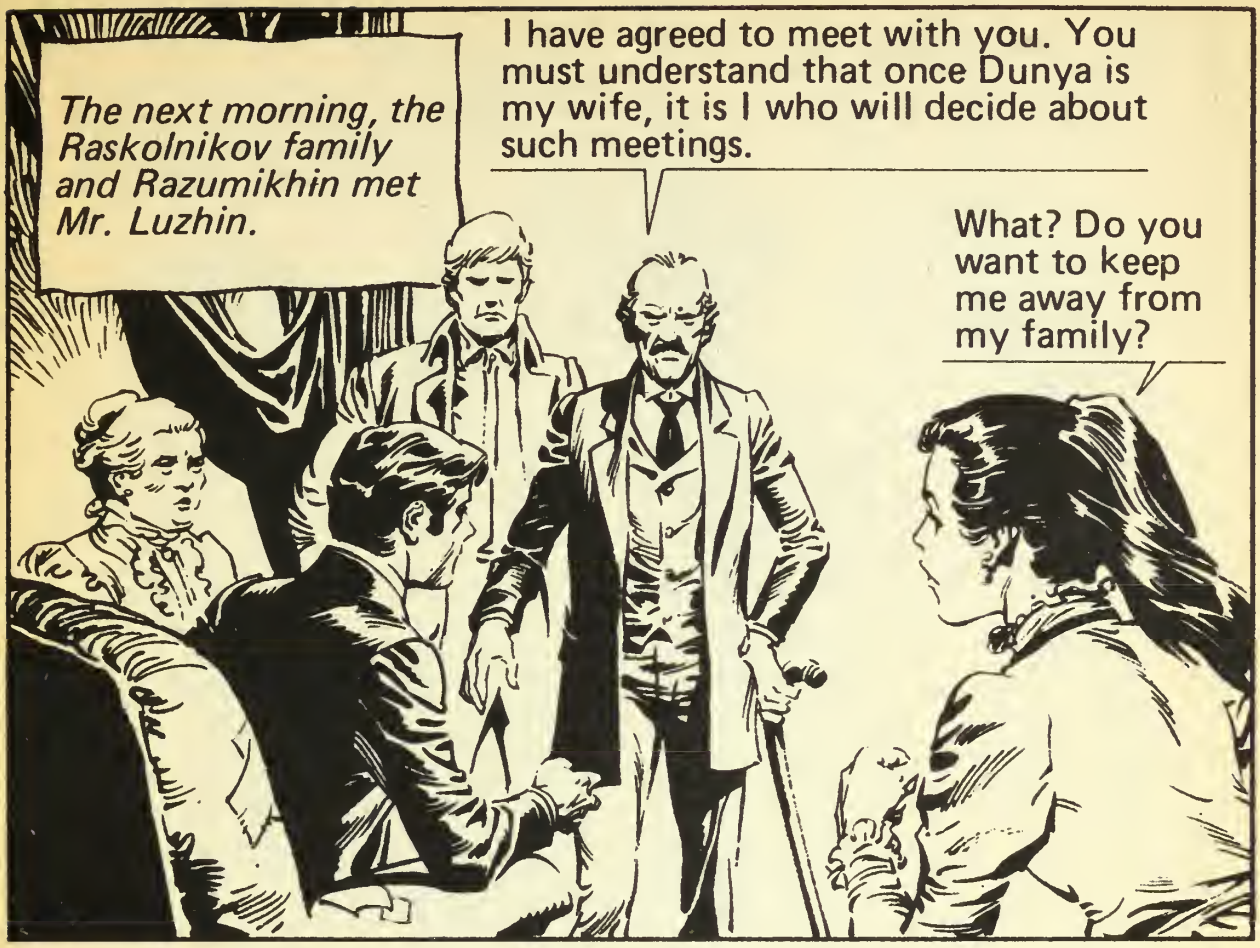

Talk about what? What do you want to know?
Please! You are getting upset over nothing. I want you to go home and rest!
So Raskolnikov left the station and walked back to his apartment.
Perhaps it is nothing. Perhaps I've fooled Zametov.

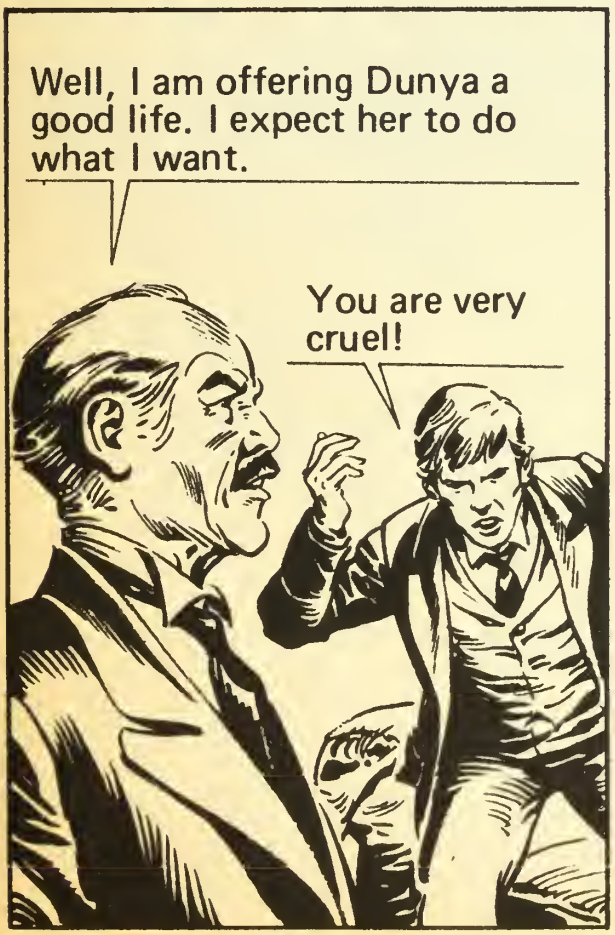
But a strange old man was waiting at Raskolnikov's door.
Murderer! You're the one, and you know it!
What? Who can that be? How does he know? What should I do?


Raskolnikov went quickly to his room. Minutes later, there was a knock at his door.
Why, Sonya!
I've come to invite you to my father's funeral.


Raskolnikov opened his door. Suddenly Sonya knew that Raskolnikov was not a rich man. She knew he must have given them all of his money.
Oh! How could you have been so kind and good to us?
It is *you* who are kind and good. Please come in and talk to me. I need your help!

Forgive me, But I must go. Please come to see me tomorrow. I will do whatever I can.


The next morning, the Raskolnikov family and Razumikhin met Mr. Luzhin.
I have agreed to meet with you. You must understand that once Dunya is my wife, it is I who will decide about such meetings.
What? Do you want to keep me away from my family?

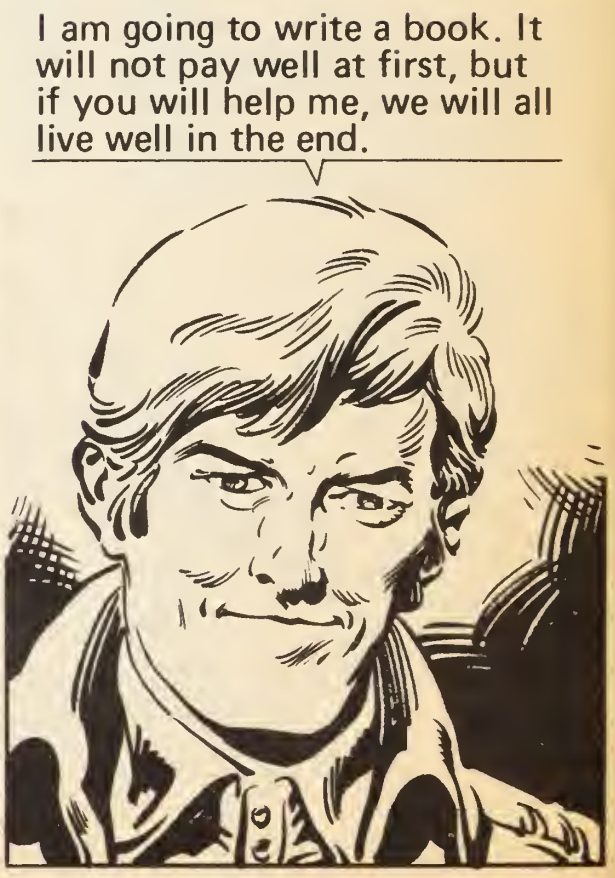

Well, I am offering Dunya a good life. I expect her to do what I want.
You are very cruel!

What? Why, you're nobody! What right have you to speak?
He is my brother! I won't have you speak to him like that!

In fact, I must ask you to leave! If you can't be nice to my family, I will not marry you!
Now you will have nothing at all!

Oh Dunya! What will we do now?
Don't worry, Mother.

Forgive me for speaking, but I have an idea.


I am going to write a book. It will not pay well at first, but if you will help me, we will all live well in the end.

You are truly a friend, Razumikhin! I know that you will do well, and Dunya can be a great help.
But forgive me. I have not been well, and I need to be alone.
Raskolnikov said goodbye to his mother and sister. Then he spoke to Razumikhin.
Please take care of them, Razumikhin. I see you like my sister.
Don't worry. I'll marry Dunya one day soon, if she'll have me.

When everyone had gone, Raskolnikov went to see Sonya.
I come to see you for the first and perhaps the last time.
Why? Are you going away?
Suddenly Raskolnikov fell to the floor and kissed Sonya's foot.
What are you doing?
Oh, Sonya! I bow down to you. You make me want to live! You're a wonderful person.

I have done something terrible, but seeing you gives me hope!
There is always hope.

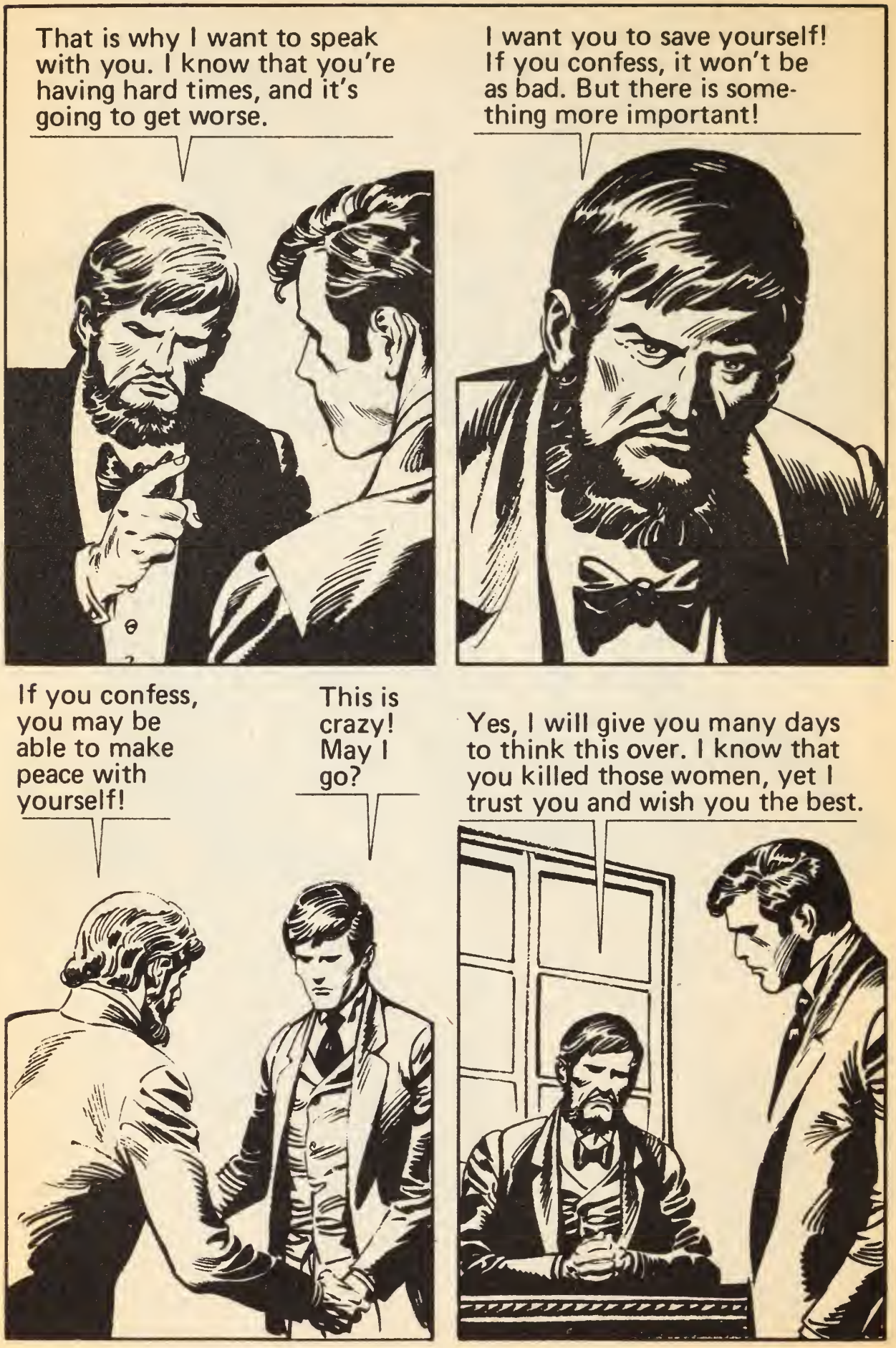
It was my dear friend Lizaveta who taught me this. Even now, I know it is true!
Lizaveta! Do you mean the woman who was killed with that other old woman?

Yes. Lizaveta was my friend, and I am sure she would have been your friend too.

Forgive me. but now it is I who must go. I will try to come and visit you again soon.

Raskolnikov didn't know what to think. The next morning he went to see Zametov.
Ah, Raskolnikov! I'm so glad you've come to see me.
I *must* know what you want to ask me!
Please sit down; I really must tell you how sorry I am.
What? Can I escape?
I have been unfair to you. Razumikhin told me you are a fine fellow.

But I have not been truthful with you. I have even tried to trick you.
Then you *did* think I was the one?
Yes. I even sent an old man to your door to call you a murderer.
And now you feel that you were wrong?
Wrong? Oh, no! I *know* that you were the murderer!
Then why don't you send me to jail?


That is why I want to speak with you. I know that you're having hard times, and it's going to get worse.
I want you to save yourself! If you confess, it won't be as bad. But there is something more important!
If you confess, you may be able to make peace with yourself!
This is crazy! May I go?
Yes, I will give you many days to think this over. I know that you killed those women, yet I trust you and wish you the best.

And so Raskolnikov left the station and went to see Sonya.
What am I going to do? You give me hope, yet I have a secret that would make you hate me.
You are wrong, Raskolnikov. I have suffered, but you have suffered too. Perhaps that is why we are friends.

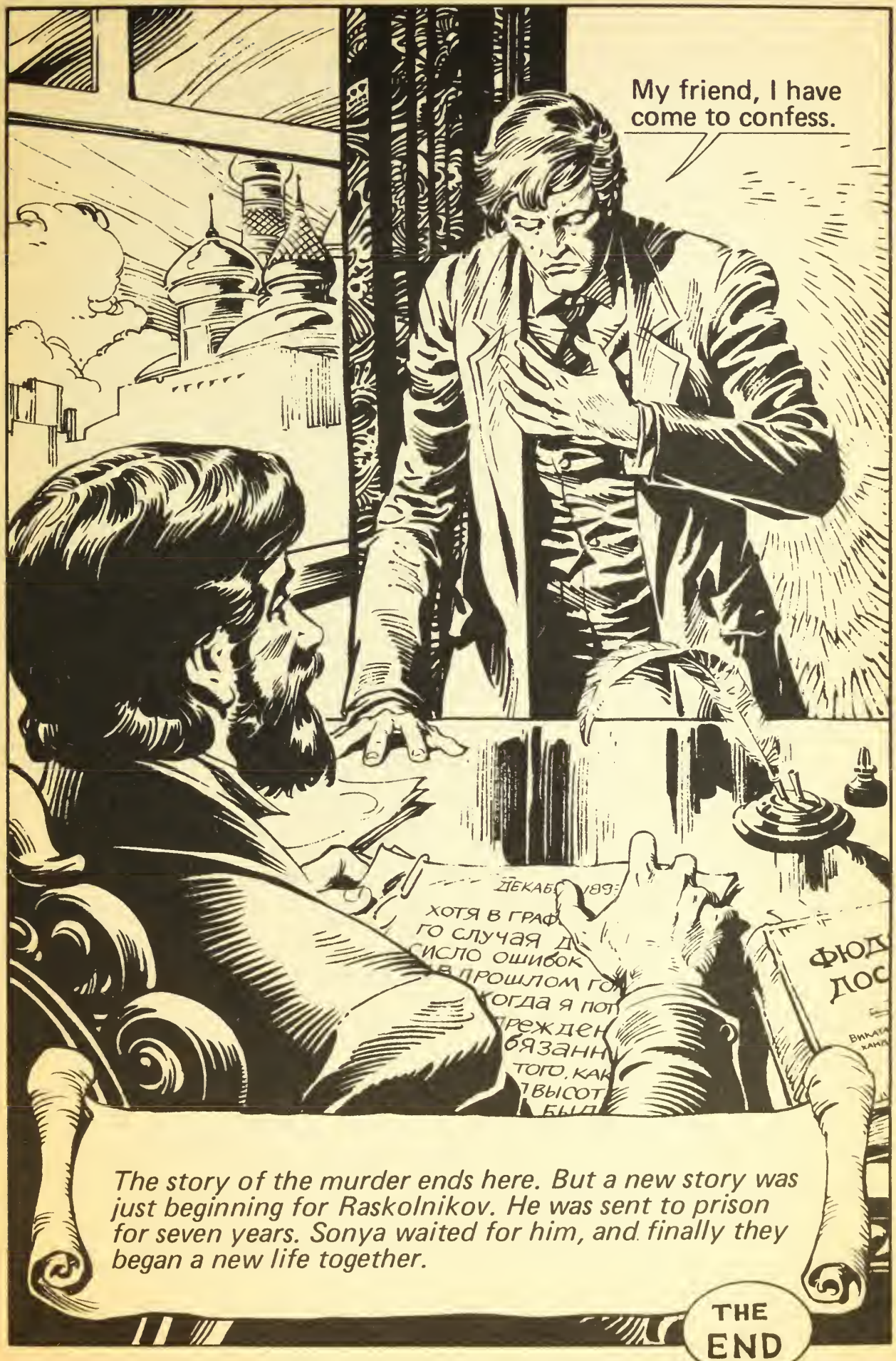
Never give up hope!

Then Sonya took two crosses out of her pocket. They were the same two crosses Raskolnikov had thrown away.
Now, take one of these crosses to help you. I know they mean nothing to you, but to me they are very special.
Oh, Sonya! If you only knew. . . .

I only know that you can save yourself. Until that day, I will trust you, no matter what happens.
Even if I must go to jail? Even if my secret hurts you?

Yes, but go now! Ask to be forgiven. What follows may not be easy, but you will never be free if you hide your past!

I know now that the truth cannot be hidden. I must tell the world that I am a murderer!



The story of the murder ends here. But a new story was just beginning for Raskolnikov. He was sent to prison for seven years. Sonya waited for him, and finally they began a new life together.

THE END

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